sand lots around own. "Bugs" will make a fine bat boy.

Lots of so-called baseball experts will now pat themselves on the back and allow their friends to buy them a drink. Hank O'Day's Reds lost yesterday and the Giants won, shoving the Rhinemen down to second place. Clipping knocks on the Reds from other papers is a great stunt for lots of editors who run a sport page with the aid of a paste pot and shears. Whatever the Reds were formerly they are playing ball right now.

Ty Cobb was sick yesterday, so he only made four hits, one a homer and, another a double. Ty's efforts were unavailing, as his team lost.

The Suffragette Cardinals, bossed by Mrs. Helen Hathaway Britton, are bumping the bumps daily and trying to outdo the distarred Phiffies in number of men injured. Rebel Oakes has a twisted ankle, Arnold Hauser, shortstop, was badly shaken up shiding yesterday, and Steve Evans is nursing a sprained hand.

Caller-Is the boss in?

Office Boy-No, sir; he's gone out.

Caller-Will he be back after dinner?

Office Boy-No; that's what he's gone out for.

LOST ONE WAR.

"Tripoli town is taken again?"
Taken for what? By whom?
"The desert air is shaken again
With the cannon's dreadful
boom."

Let's see—to what does this news refer?

I seem to recall in a hazy blur Some sort of a war, but exactly, what

I quite forgot.

It started out as a serious,
A regular man's size war.

But now it's a thing to weary us, Whatever they're fighting for. Once in a while they kill a mule, Bombard a house or a district school.

But what's the reason of it all I can't recall.

By searching far and tracing them

The Turkish troops are found With a Latin army facing them And a navy hanging around.

And the soldiers loaf and the officers play, And all of them draw their

monthly pay,
And—why is peace worth striving for,

If this is War?

"Young man, how do expect to marry my daughter if you are in debt?"

"Why, sir, in my opinion it's the only square thing to do. The longer I am engaged to her the worse off I will be."